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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

ALTA
SERIES

A SOUTHERN
CINDERELLA

PRICE 25 CENTS

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

CHICAGO.

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M. F.

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(25c)	12	9
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(25c)	7	4
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Trip to Storyland, 1 1/4 hrs.	(25c)	23
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FARCES, COMEDIETTAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.		3
Assessor, The, 10 min.		3
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Bad Job, 30 min.		3
Betsy Baker, 45 min.		2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.		2
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.		3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.		5
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.		3
Box and Cox, 35 min.		1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.		2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.		23
Convention of Papas, 25 min.		7
Country Justice, 15 min.		8
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.		3

A SOUTHERN CINDERELLA

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN
THREE ACTS

BY

WALTER BEN HARE
" "
AUTHOR OF

"*A College Town*," "*A Rustic Romeo*," "*Aaron Boggs, Freshman*,"
"*The Fascinators*" and "*Savageland*"



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

1913

A SOUTHERN CINDERELLA

PS3515

CHARACTERS. A575S6
1913

MADAME CHARTERIS *An Old Aristocrat*
ENID BELLAMY *A Southern Cinderella*
MISS ROSIE WINTERBERRY. *A Famous Settlement Worker*
MISS JOHNNIE BELL RANDOLPH..... *A Little Coquette*
KATHERINE HAWKE..... *An English Nurse*
CAROLINE HAWKE..... *Her Sister, An Adventuress*
MAMMY JUDY JOHNSON..... *A Black, Blue-grass Widow*

PLACE—*A Southern Home.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours.*

ACT I—Living room at Charteris Hall. Enid comes home.

ACT II—Same, three days later. The burning of the will.

ACT III—Same, two years later. Cinderella goes to the ball.

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SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I—An old southern mansion. The two Hawkes have their daily quarrel. Johnnie Bell makes a call. Mammy Judy Johnson, the black, blue-grass widow. “Dis yere bein’ a widow woman is powerful lonesome, and nobody ever *kin* tell what a lonesome widow woman is goin’ to do.” Amos Peters; “de cream colored pick ob de unplucked colored aristocracy, so light complected that he belongs to de fair sex.” The settlement worker arrives on a mission of mercy. Madame refuses to receive her own grandchild. “The pride of seventy years cannot unbend.” Love conquers pride and Enid comes home. “Nothing on earth can take you from me!”

Act II—Johnnie Bell and her three lovers. “It certainly is hard for a girl to make up her mind.” Caroline disapproves of negro weddings. The black bride displays her wedding Crusoe. “I’d be mortified to de ground if dis yere trail got tangled up wif ma feet and disturbs my jurisprudence.” Mammy’s six-bit wedding license. The plotting of the Hawkes. Madame makes a new will. “If this new will should disappear and Madame should die, everything would come to us.” Mammy deserted at the altar. “Ober ‘leben dollars spent, and not eben one cream-colored kiss!” The passing of Old Miss. Katherine burns the will. “Now the Charteris fortune belongs to me—to me!”

Act III—Two years later. The night of the inaugural ball. Katherine and her Paris creation. “Looks to me like it ‘ud be more of a creation, if you’d take some ob dat tail-fixin’ and put it ober your shoulders!” Enid is treated like a servant. “It’s gone too far; it has all gone too far! I will leave this house.” Mammy decides to marry Sassafras Rigger. “Old Amos Peters ain’t de onliest man on earth, even if he *is* got a cream-colored complexion.” Miss Winterberry comes to take Enid to the ball. “What’s this? The last will and testament of Clara Charteris.” The Southern Cinderella comes into her own. “The night has passed and joy cometh in the morning.”

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Twenty years before the opening of the play, Madame Charteris, an old southern aristocrat, banishes her only child from her house because of an unsuited marriage. She remains broken-hearted all the years, but blindly held in check by the Charteris pride. Her daughter dies in poverty, leaving her only child, Enid Bellamy, to eke out her living in the cotton mills. An old friend of her mother's and a settlement worker, Miss Rosie Winterberry, finds her fainting from hunger at the loom. She takes her away and determines to appeal to Madame Charteris in behalf of her grandchild. Madame has become an invalid and is completely under the influence of her nurse, an unprincipled English woman. Madame makes a will leaving her entire fortune to the nurse and her sister. Madame refuses to allow Enid to come to her house, but the sight of her grandchild's suffering softens her heart and the little white room is opened for the first time in twenty years, and Enid comes home. Mammy Judy Johnson, the old black servant, decides to get married, and Miss Winterberry and Enid attend the wedding, much to the disgust of Caroline Hawke. Madame determines to make a new will in favor of her grandchild and summons Mr. Deems to draw up the document. The will is made and the nurse and her sister are the witnesses. Katherine Hawke (the nurse) secures the new will and determines to burn it. Mammy Judy returns from the church in a towering rage, having been deserted at the altar by the prospective groom. She has the wedding license and by mistake the nurse gets this and burns it thinking that it is the new will. Madame dies and as the new will cannot be found the nurse and her sister are declared the heirs. They vainly try to enter society and treat Enid, the real heiress, like a common servant. On the night of the inaugural ball, two years after the death of Madame, Mammy Judy finds the will and the Southern Cinderella comes into her own.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

MADAME CHARTERIS—Aged seventy-five. Face pale and lined with heavy lines. Dark gray shadows under eyes and under cheek bones. Trailing house dress of black silk trimmed with old lace. Old lady's cap. Very dignified. Use heavy black cane for walking and never forget the trembling hands, etc., of old age. After her last appearance she positively should not be allowed to mingle with the audience until after the play.

ENID—Aged seventeen. A slight, blonde girl with a low, sweet voice. Long yellow curls (wig). Act I: Shabby black dress, ankle length, cheap black hat, cheap black satchel. Act II: Simple white house dress. Act III: First costume—The black dress of Act I with a worn gingham apron. Second costume—Elaborate white satin dress with long train, wreath of white roses in hair and large bouquet of white roses. This costume may be relieved with touches of pink chiffon.

ROSIE WINTERBERRY—Aged forty. Hair parted in middle and combed over ears. Powdered gray. Nose glasses. Simple tailor-made suit of some dark material for Acts I and II. Neat bonnet and shopping bag. Act III: Trailing ball gown of lavender silk trimmed with purple velvet and artificial violets. Hair dressed fashionably. Head-dress of lavender plumes. Lorgnette and feather fan. Opera cloak.

JOHNNIE BELL RANDOLPH—Aged eighteen. A petite brunette. Very vivacious. Act I: Dress suitable for summer afternoon, pretty hat and parasol. Act II: Similar dress of contrasting color; hat, etc. Act III: Ball costume with train; a shimmering, electric blue over a silver metallic-like underdress was worn in the original production with a cascade of silver fringe falling in a shower at the back from the shoulder and a knot of crimson velvet roses on right shoulder. Aigrette in hair.

KATHERINE HAWKE—Aged thirty. Acts I and II: Light blue nurse's costume with white linen collar, cap and cuffs.

Act III: Magnificent ecru gown of silk chiffon with over-dress of ecru lace, heavily spangled. Large bunch of scarlet poinsettias on shoulder and on skirt drapery. Ecru lace headdress with scarlet aigrette. This costume was worn in the original production of the play, but any trailing, elaborate ball gown of pronounced color and *outré* effect will suffice.

CAROLINE HAWKE—Aged twenty-five. Act I: Afternoon calling dress, hat and parasol suited for summer in the South. Rather pronounced in effect. Act II: White house dress. Act III: A trailing ball gown of green satin with an over-dress of silvered lace and spangles. Bunch of white roses on shoulder and wreath of green velvet oak leaves on head with white lace butterfly. Jewels and feather fan. Opera cloak.

MAMMY JUDY—Aged forty. Black face and hands and negro wig. May be very fat. Red calico skirt. Blue calico sack. Large gingham apron. White dusting cap coquettishly trimmed with pink paper muslin. Act II: Wedding dress with train. Made of white cambric with over-dress of white tulle. Train very long. Bridal veil of mosquito-bar. White wreath and shower bouquet. White gloves. Act III: Same as Act I.

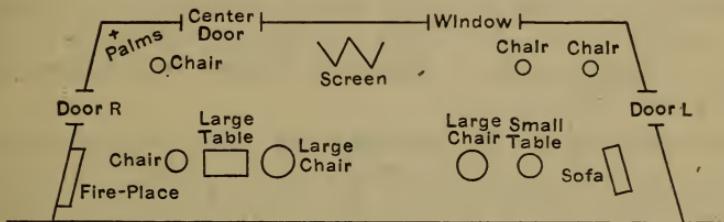
LIST OF PROPERTIES.

Act I—Two tables, two large old-fashioned chairs, six smaller chairs. This furniture should be old-fashioned “before-the-war” pieces. Any other pieces of furniture to dress stage. Candelabra, screens, etc. Practical fireplace with logs, red tissue paper and electric light or lamp concealed by logs and paper. Basket of fruit for Johnnie. Cane for Madame. Satchel for Enid.

Act II—Fancy work for Enid. Locket and watch for Johnnie. License for Mammy, also bridal wreath and bouquet. Will for Caroline.

Act III—Sewing for Mammy. Large pasteboard box for Miss Winterberry.

STAGE SETTING.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; *1 E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance; *R. 3 E.*, right entrance upstage, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or scene running across the back of the stage; *upstage*, away from footlights, *down stage*, near footlights; *1G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

A SOUTHERN CINDERELLA

ACT I.

SCENE: *Living room in MADAME CHARTERIS' old southern mansion. Time, 4 o'clock in the afternoon in October. For furniture, etc., see "Stage Setting." Entrances C., R. and L. Window up L. Fire not lighted in fireplace and candles not lighted.*

Enter CAROLINE, C. D., wearing hat and carrying parasol.

CAROLINE (*coming down C. and speaking sharply*). Mammy, Mammy! I wonder where she is keeping herself. (*Takes off hat.*) Asleep, I suppose. The most incompetent house servant in town. I can't see why Madame tolerates her. Things will be mighty different when *I* am mistress here. The first thing I do will be to import some decent English servants. And I'll tear down this house, too. It's entirely too old-fashioned. It may be good enough for the Charteris tribe, but it won't do for me. (*At L. C.*)

Enter KATHERINE from R.

KATHERINE. So you've come at last. (*At R. C.*)

CAROLINE (*swinging her hat*). Did you want anything?

KATHERINE (*sarcastically*). Oh, no, indeed. Nothing at all. I suppose I can stay in there in that hateful sick room all day, while you are strolling over town with your Mr. Deems. I wish I had never let you come here.

CAROLINE. Oh, indeed! You *had* to let me come. (*Crosses to C.*) The fact is that I knew too much about you, my pretty sister, for you to win this golden prize all by *yourself*.

KATHERINE. Madame has asked for you twice.

CAROLINE. What did she want?

KATHERINE. Just wondered where you were. I'm becoming disgusted with this whole business. Another hour in that room and I should have screamed.

CAROLINE. And ruined us both forever.

KATHERINE. You shan't leave all the hard work for me to do. You've got to take your turn. I suppose you were out with that Deems person again.

CAROLINE. Well, what if I was?

KATHERINE. Oh, nothing. It's your own business, I suppose.

CAROLINE. Yes, it is. And I won't allow Madame or you or anyone else to dictate to me. I had enough of that when I was in Canada.

KATHERINE (*coolly*). Probably you would prefer to return there?

CAROLINE. I can't see why you're always objecting to Deems. He knows how to treat a girl all right.

KATHERINE. An heiress of the Charteris fortune should be more careful of her company.

CAROLINE. If it hadn't been for him we'd never known what was in that will.

KATHERINE. Well, we know now, and that's sufficient. You certainly ought to find someone better than a middle-aged, poverty-stricken lawyer. Why, when she dies you'll have over 800 pounds a year.

CAROLINE. When I get the money I'll consider the question of getting rid of Mr. Deems.

KATHERINE. It's the money *he's* after. He never paid you any attention at all until he made the will two months ago.

CAROLINE. Did she say anything about him?

KATHERINE. Yes, she did. She said that she disapproved of his attentions to you. Don't be foolish and antagonize her. It can't last very long now. She had another fainting spell right after luncheon.

CAROLINE. Is she awake now?

KATHERINE. No. Mammy is with her.

CAROLINE. Deems has asked me to attend the concert with him tonight.

KATHERINE. Impossible. Drop him at once. We know what's in the will. He can be of no further use to us.

CAROLINE. A girl must have some pleasure.

KATHERINE. Well, go ahead if you insist on it. But you mark my word, Madame disapproves. And if she takes the notion she may cut you off all together and leave the whole fortune to me. And then you can return into service in Canada. Your position here entitles you to mingle with the best society in town.

CAROLINE. What can I do when they won't mingle with me?

KATHERINE. At least you don't need to demean yourself with a Deems.

CAROLINE. He's Madame's lawyer.

KATHERINE. Because he's the only one in town who would make a will disinheriting her own grandchild.

CAROLINE. It seems to me that you should be extremely grateful to him for that.

KATHERINE (*grandly*). Once I get the money in my possession I will see that Mr. Deems is amply rewarded for his services.

MAMMY *opens door at R. and puts her head in.*

MAMMY. Say! (*Both look at her.*) Madame's done waked up. (*Entering from R.*) She wants you. (*Comes down R.*)

KATHERINE (*pointedly*). Are you addressing Miss Katherine or Miss Caroline?

MAMMY (*sullenly*). I'se addressin' you.

KATHERINE (*at C.*). Then be good enough to say "Miss Katherine."

MAMMY (*calmly*). Yas'm, I heerd what you say. (*Turns and goes up stage.*) Madame told me to hab you come to her right away.

KATHERINE (*crosses to door R.*). I'll deal with you later.

MAMMY (*pertly*). De later de better.

KATHERINE. Impertinent! (*Exits R.*)

MAMMY (*looking after her, speaks after a slight pause*). Yas'm, you sure is.

CAROLINE (*coming C. from L.*). You may leave the room.

MAMMY. I'm gwine to leave it. You didn't think dat I was a gwine to take it along with me, did you? (*Exit L.*)

CAROLINE. How I hate this place. But things will be mighty different, once the money is in *my* possession. (*Comes down R. C.*)

Enter JOHNNIE, C. D., hat on and carrying small basket of fruit.

JOHNNIE (*pausing at door*). Good evening, Miss Hawke.

CAROLINE (*pointedly*). Good afternoon.

JOHNNIE (*coming down C.*). How is Madame today?

CAROLINE (*languidly*). I believe one of the servants said she had a fainting spell this afternoon.

JOHNNIE (*sympathetically*). Oh!

CAROLINE. She's an awful care to me and my sister.

JOHNNIE. I brought her over this little basket of fruit. Will you be kind enough to give it to her? (*Gives basket to CAROLINE.*)

CAROLINE. The doctor don't allow her to eat fruit, but we're much obliged just the same. (*Places basket on table at R.*)

JOHNNIE. Could I see Madame?

CAROLINE. I'm afraid not. It's against the nurse's orders. But won't you sit down. My sister will be in presently and we can have a cozy little chat. (*Sits at R.*) Are you going to the concert tonight?

JOHNNIE. Yes, indeedy. I reckon there'll be a right big crowd. (*Seated at L.*)

CAROLINE. I suppose so. There is so little to go to here, you know. It's such a bore living in a small American town after London.

JOHNNIE. I reckon so. Do you expect to return to London soon?

CAROLINE. Oh, dear no. Madame Charteris won't hear of my leaving her. And it's my duty to stay. Who are you going to the concert with tonight?

JOHNNIE (*taken aback*). Oh, with some of the young folks.

CAROLINE. That Mr. Carter you go with is a right nice young man. I've never met him.

JOHNNIE. Indeed? But I fear I am keeping you from Madame. (*Rises.*) I must be going.

CAROLINE. Did you get an invitation to Mrs. Gray's tea? (*Still seated.*)

JOHNNIE. Yes. Are you going?

CAROLINE. I don't think so. I don't care for Mrs. Gray. Do you know that she hasn't a cent? And yet she goes in fairly good society. Such a thing couldn't happen in London. (*Rises.*)

JOHNNIE. Yes, but this isn't London.

CAROLINE. Don't go yet. I don't often get a chance to chat with you. Just stay a minute and I'll see if Madame needs anything. She worries if I am out of her sight for a moment. I'll send sister to you. (*Exit R.*)

JOHNNIE. And the Charteris fortune is to go to these persons. Oh, it's a shame—a shame! (*Comes down C.*)

Enter MAMMY from L.

MAMMY. My lawsy lands! If it ain't Miss Johnnie Bell. Hope you-all is well, Miss Johnnie. How's your ma? (*At L. C.*)

JOHNNIE. Oh, she's very well, thank you, Mammy Judy.

MAMMY. I'se comin' ober dere some ob dese days to see you-all.

JOHNNIE. How is Madame?

MAMMY. Mightly porely; mighty porely. Dese here Hawke women jest raisin' a 'sturbance from mornin' till night. I can't see how dey got sich a hold on old Missis—I sure can't. Sometimes I tink dey's got her conjured. Things like dat *kin* happen, you know.

JOHNNIE. They certainly exert a strange influence here.

MAMMY. Yas'm, dey sure do. Dey ain't got no understandin'. Why, Miss Johnnie Bell, dey treats me like a common field nigger. Don't eben want me to go out at night.

JOHNNIE. Didn't I see you down at the postoffice last night?

MAMMY. Yas'm, I reckon you did.

JOHNNIE. And with old Uncle Amos Peters?

MAMMY. Yas'm. I went 'long wif dat old fence-lizard jest cause he's so persuasive. (*Grins.*)

JOHNNIE. I certainly was surprised to see him escorting you. Your husband has only been dead two months.

MAMMY. Dat's a fac' sure enough. I'se in ma second mournin'.

JOHNNIE. And yet you allow Uncle Amos to take you down town.

MAMMY. You see, Miss Johnnie Bell, it's jes' dis-away. My husband's only been dead two months, dat's de truth. But he's jes' as dead as he's ever *gwine* to be; an' Uncle Amos sure is got persuasive manners.

JOHNNIE. You certainly don't intend to marry again, do you, Mammy?

MAMMY (*sighs*). It's powerful lonesome business, dis here bein' a widow woman—powerful lonesome. Tell you what de facts ob de case is, Miss Johnnie Bell, you ner me ner nobody else eber *kin* tell what a lonesome widow woman is *gwine* to do. And Uncle Amos sure is got persuasive manners.

JOHNNIE. But you've been married twice already.

MAMMY. Twice? *Twice?* No, ma'am, you's mistaken sure. (*Pause.*) I'se been married four times. Yas'm. It's done got to be second nature wif me now, Miss Johnnie Bell.

JOHNNIE. But Uncle Amos Peters is so old.

MAMMY (*calmly*). Yas'm, he is dat. But dat man sure is got persuasive manners. Jes' last night what ya' reckon he did? He bought me two packages ob goober-peas an' a ten-cent dish ob chocolate flabored ice cream. Dat man might be old, but he sure does know how to soothe de feelin's ob a lonesome widow lady; he sure do.

JOHNNIE. I reckon, then, you'll be a bride before long.

MAMMY. Yas'm. 'Twouldn't surprise me for a minute. Dis yere world am full ob trials and tribulations for a lonesome widow lady. And den ole Amos got such a nice light complexion. My other husbands was all coal black, jes'

like me, 'cept Hank. Hank was ginger brown and monstrosus proud ob it. But Amos! Lawsy land, Amos jes' naturally belongs to de fair sex. Yas, mam! He's de pick ob de unplucked colored aristocracy in de whole county. Dey ain't a sister in de Daughters ob de New Jerusalem—dat's my sassiety—dat don't get pale wid jealousy when Amos Peters escorts me up de church aisle Sunday mornin'.

JOHNNIE. Are you going to have a church wedding?

MAMMY. Is I? *Is I?* (*Raising her head proudly.*) Yes, mam, I shore is. I's had 'em four times now, and I's gettin' too old to change ma ways. I'se gwine to buy me one ob dese new "Look-right-through-me," tight-fittin' weddin' dresses. And a drapery ob white skeeter bar wif a long trail, an' a tinfoil crown trimmed wif orange blossoms. I's sure gwine to hab *some* wedding, Miss Johnnie Bell. Yes, mam!

JOHNNIE. Has he proposed yet?

MAMMY (*sadly*). No'm; not yet. But he'd better make haste, kase if he don't, I's gwine to do de proposin' myself. I ain't got no time fo' triflin' and I ain't gwine permit it. I don't perpose to let *no* man make a grabeyard out ob my heart to bury his perfidiosity in. No, mam! I's gwine to make him propose, and den I's gwine gracefully to acceptuate his proferration ob nuptiality.

JOHNNIE. Well, I certainly wish you all the happiness in the world, Mammy Judy.

MAMMY. Thank you, honey; thank you. Dat was a mighty fine lookin' young man dat I seen you wif las' night.

JOHNNIE. Do you think so?

MAMMY. Yas'm. I sure does. I always specially admires blondes. And he sure was dressed. I ain't seen such a splendiferous costoom in dis yere town since (*insert local name*) was here.

JOHNNIE. That was Mr. Carter from Raleigh.

MAMMY. Specs den dat I won't be de only bride dis season?

JOHNNIE. Not me. I've got three and I can't make up my mind which wants me worst.

MAMMY. Listen here, Miss Johnnie Bell. You listen to de advice ob a lady what's had experience. You take de man dat's got de mos' money. Yas, mam! Dis yere libin' on lub and cheese an' kisses is all right to talk about, but it takes money to buy fried chicken an' automobiles—and dat sure is de truth. Yes, mam! (*Door bell rings off C.*) Company, I reckon. 'Scuse me, please, Miss Johnnie Bell. (*Exit C.*)

JOHNNIE. The man with the most money! (*Pause.*) Well, maybe I will. (*Pause and then slowly.*) And then maybe I won't. (*Hangs her head, bashfully smiling.*) Mr. Carter sure has got persuasive manners, too.

Enter MAMMY, C. D., showing in ROSIE. JOHNNIE down R. ROSIE comes down L. C. MAMMY crosses to door at R.

MAMMY (*with card*). Yas'm, come right in and make yourself at home. I'll gib your ticket to Madame. She's been feelin' a little more salubrious dis ebenin' so I reckon she'll see you. Jes' take a seat. Dis yere other lady waitin' to see Madame, too.

ROSIE. Very well, Mammy; I'll wait here.

MAMMY (*going R., muttering*). Yas'm. Wonder how come dat white lady know dat I's Mammy. Mighty informal, mighty informal. (*Exits R.*)

ROSIE. Has Madame been ill long?

JOHNNIE. Oh, yes. For about three years. She's over seventy, you know.

ROSIE. Your voice is strangely familiar to me. Aren't you a Randolph? Of course you are. Why, you must be the little baby, Johnnie Bell.

JOHNNIE. You know me?

ROSIE (*briskly crossing and shaking hands*). Know you? Know you? Of course I do. Why, child, I knew you when you were only two hours old. Probably you've heard your mother speak of me. I'm Rosie Winterberry.

JOHNNIE. Miss Winterberry? I'm right proud to meet you. You are doing such a wonderful work among the working women of the Mills. Mother often speaks of her old school chum, Rosie Winterberry.

ROSIE. And I reckon I just fit her description. (*Sits L.*)

JOHNNIE. She has told of the merry larks you used to have.

ROSIE. Yes, I was a regular tom-boy and there wasn't a horse in the county I couldn't ride. That was twenty years ago.

JOHNNIE. Mother said that under the careless, merry exterior of Rosie Winterberry beat the heart of the truest, staunchest friend a girl ever had. (*Sits R.*)

ROSIE (*touched*). Dear, dear child! You're just like your mother twenty years ago. The sight of you brings back old times when Enid Charteris, your mother and I were known as the Three Inseparables. And now only we two are left. (*Sighs.*)

JOHNNIE. Poor Mrs. Bellamy! Poor Enid Charteris!

ROSIE. Is her mother as proud and unrelenting as ever?

JOHNNIE. More so. As the years go by Madame covers an aching heart with a bitter pride. Now she is old and ill, but she will allow no mention of her daughter, and the little white room upstairs has never been opened since Enid Charteris ran away nineteen years ago.

Enter KATHERINE from R. She comes down R.

KATHERINE (*rather superciliously*). Madame Charteris says she will see you, Miss Winterberry.

ROSIE. Yes, I rather thought she would.

KATHERINE. She rarely sees visitors now and the doctor says she musn't be disturbed. You must be very careful.

ROSIE. You needn't be alarmed, my good woman; I'll not disturb her.

KATHERINE (*annoyed*). My name is Miss Hawke, Miss Winterberry.

ROSIE. An interesting, though wholly unimportant fact.

KATHERINE. I don't understand you, madam.

ROSIE (*tartly*). It isn't necessary that you should. (*To JOHNNIE.*) My dear, you must tell your mother to come and see me. I'm staying with Mrs. Gray.

JOHNNIE. I will. Mother will be delighted. Are you to be here long?

ROSIE. Sail for New York next Tuesday. Due in London on the 29th and in Paris on the 12th.

JOHNNIE. What an interesting life you must lead.

ROSIE (*noticing that KATHERINE is listening*). That will be all, my good woman. We can entertain ourselves until Madame Charteris comes. (*KATHERINE starts to speak, but checks herself and exits R. quietly.*) Now, child, who is that person?

JOHNNIE. She is a trained nurse.

ROSIE. She looks like a woman I saw in an English prison three years ago. What is her name?

JOHNNIE. Miss Katherine Hawke.

ROSIE. Ah, a bird of prey!

JOHNNIE. I believe she *is* an Englishwoman and I'm afraid she's not very popular here in town. Madame met her at a sanitarium up north and brought her here. She has taken charge of the entire household.

ROSIE. Yes, that's a little habit that most hawks possess.

JOHNNIE. Madame is completely dominated by her.

ROSIE. I can readily see that.

JOHNNIE. It is even whispered in town that she has made a will leaving the bulk of her fortune to Miss Hawke and her sister.

ROSIE. Oh, so there's a pair of them.

JOHNNIE. Yes. The sister has been here since winter.

ROSIE. And is she anything like the nurse?

JOHNNIE. Well, she has none of the nurse's *good* qualities.

ROSIE. Oh, she has some, then?

JOHNNIE. The sister isn't nearly so refined as Miss Hawke.

ROSIE. Indeed! She has my sympathy.

JOHNNIE. But I shouldn't gossip, Miss Winterberry. You'll probably have an opportunity of judging for yourself.

ROSIE. I never saw a rich old invalid in my life who wasn't surrounded by just such birds of prey. But surely

Madame Charteris isn't going to leave all her immense fortune to these persons?

JOHNNIE. They themselves have intimated as much.

ROSIE. Does Madame know that her child is dead?

JOHNNIE. Oh, yes. It was all in the papers. And there is a grandchild. The papers said that she had disappeared.

ROSIE. Enid Bellamy is dead, but she has left a legacy to her mother. A legacy of love. Her only child.

JOHNNIE. And she is coming here? Oh, I am so glad. Surely Madame cannot resist the appeal of her own flesh and blood?

ROSIE. That is why I am here today. To plead with the Charteris pride—to beg justice for Enid Bellamy.

JOHNNIE (*rising*). Then I musn't stay and interrupt your interview. Oh, I do hope you can persuade Madame to allow the girl to return home.

ROSIE. I think I can. It is my duty.

JOHNNIE. Miss Rosie Winterberry, you're a regular angel—an angel of mercy.

ROSIE. Funny looking angel, in a last year's dress and three years' old bonnet.

JOHNNIE (*coming to her*). I do hope you will be successful!

ROSIE (*shaking hands*). We will hope for the best.

JOHNNIE. It's just like a fairy story; and you're the fairy godmother.

ROSIE. Tut, tut! Run along now.

JOHNNIE (*crosses to door*). Good-bye, dear, dear Miss Winterberry.

ROSIE. Good-bye, child. Come and see me.

JOHNNIE. Thank you. Good-bye. (*Exits C. D.*)

ROSIE (*at L.*). A dear, sweet child who has never known a moment's suffering in all her calm, protected life. And other girls just as young and fair must slave their youth away at the cruel looms.

Enter CAROLINE from R.

CAROLINE (*at C.*). Madame will see you, Miss Winterberry. She is coming.

ROSIE. Thank you. (CAROLINE crosses up L.)

Enter MADAME from R., walking slowly with the aid of a cane and leaning on the arm of KATHERINE.

MADAME. Rosie! (KATHARINE leads her to ROSIE, whom she kisses on forehead). You are very welcome; for your dear mother's sake and for your own.

ROSIE. Thank you.

MADAME. Sit down and we'll have a little chat. (To KATHERINE.) I feel much better now, dear.

KATHERINE. But are you strong enough, Madame?

MADAME. Quite; thank you, Katherine. (ROSIE sits L., KATHERINE leads MADAME to easy chair at R. and seats her.) That will do, dear. You and Caroline may go. I'll send Mammy for you when I need you.

KATHERINE. Yes, Madame. (CAROLINE exits C. D. KATHERINE quietly crosses to C. D., turns and glances at MADAME and exits C. D.)

MADAME. And now, dear Rosie Winterberry, welcome to Charteris. It's been nearly twenty years since I've seen either you or your dear mother. You have become quite a famous lady, I hear.

ROSIE. I've tried to be of some little use in my sphere, Madame.

MADAME. Little? You are a lady of national reputation, my dear. Your Uplift Movement is a wonderful thing and I've been intensely interested in your work among the poor girls of the mills.

ROSIE. That is why I have ventured to intrude, Madame Charteris.

MADAME. You want some financial help? Some new project? Tell me about it.

ROSIE. No, I'm not begging money. I'm asking justice.

MADAME. Justice? Justice for whom? I'm afraid that I don't understand you, Rosie.

ROSIE. Justice for your own flesh and blood—for the last of the Charteris line. Madame, I am here to plead with you for the life of your own child—

MADAME (imperiously). Enough! I beg of you not to

open old wounds. My child is dead. We will not discuss that, please.

ROSIE. But her child still lives.

MADAME. Miss Winterberry, your mother was my dear friend and you are my honored guest; but I must insist on no reference to my personal affairs.

ROSIE. Madame, I beg of you to listen to my story. You must have mercy.

MADAME. The Charteris pride calls for something higher than mercy; it calls for justice.

ROSIE. Your daughter Enid—

MADAME. Don't! Don't! I can't bear it! Sometimes in the darkness of the night I awaken with her name on my lips—with her dear image before my eyes. Yet I did what was right. My heart broke nineteen years ago; but I was a Charteris. I did my duty.

ROSIE. You must do your duty now. Enid's child still lives—

MADAME. I know—I know! But don't you see that you are torturing me? Nineteen years ago my daughter made her own decision. She left me. Left her home. Left the family name to follow a nameless, penniless adventurer. She disgraced the proud Charteris name. She is nothing to me now and her child is nothing to me. I have done with them forever. It is useless for you to appeal to me, Miss Winterberry. My decision was made nineteen years ago. I gave my word, and a Charteris never breaks her word.

ROSIE. Better break your word than break your heart. Your grandchild is destitute, friendless in a merciless city. (MADAME starts to speak and ROSIE interrupts her with a gesture.) Listen to me, Madame Charteris. My task is not a pleasant one, but please hear my story and then you may turn me from your house. Two weeks ago I was inspecting a factory at Millburg. It was the same hopeless den of misery we all know so well. Only here the conditions were a little worse. The hands were white girls and from seven to thirty years old. (Sadly.) Not many live to be thirty. They begin work at four o'clock in the morn-

ing, working by candlelight. They finish after nine at night. The average pay is seventy-nine cents a day. I studied the faces of these slaves of the looms. Every girlish hope, every trace of youth and maidenhood had vanished, and in their place I saw the grim, hopeless despair of a struggle for daily bread.

MADAME. But why are you telling this to me? Surely *her* child was not a slave of the mill?

ROSIE. I passed up and down the aisles, heart-sick at the sights I saw. Suddenly I paused attracted by the golden curls of a little operator. She didn't even dare to glance up for fear she would lose a moment's time. I lingered a moment, fascinated by her natural girlish grace, wondering what strange caprice of fate had forced this delicate flower into human slavery. Then I passed on. Suddenly I heard a fall and turned. The girl had fainted. A common occurrence in the mills. Starvation and toil had done their work.

MADAME. Starvation? That girl—she wasn't—?

ROSIE (*softly*). Yes, it was Enid's child—the last of the Charteris line.

MADAME (*burying her face in her hands and sobbing*). My child, my child!

ROSIE. Your love has conquered your pride. She is here. You will let her come back home.

MADAME. I cannot—I cannot. I will supply her wants, but I cannot let her come to Charteris. I have given my word.

ROSIE. And this is your final answer?

MADAME. I cannot see her.

ROSIE. I pity you, Madame—from the bottom of my heart, I pity you.

MADAME. The pride of seventy years cannot unbend.

ROSIE (*rising*). Very well. You have spoken. I will appeal no more.

MADAME. I will give you money to assist her—

ROSIE. No. You forget that she is as much a Charteris as you are. She is not a beggar seeking alms. She is your own grandchild demanding justice. But rest assured that

she shall not drudge her young life away from early morn till night as a slave of the loom. (*Crossing to C. and speaking loudly and rapidly.*) You cast her off, Madame Charteris; but she shall not lack a mother's love. She shall be *my* daughter. I, too, loved her mother and she is her living image. The same walk, the same hair and eyes, the same winning, pensive smile. (*Louder.*) This girl shall come to me. She shall forget her toil and misery and heartache. She shall forget that she is a Charteris. *I will supply your place!* You, her mother's mother, refuse to save her from the drudgery of the mill. Then I will. You have given up all claim to her. Now she is mine. (*At R. C.*)

MADAME (*sobbing*). You are breaking my heart.

ROSIE. Then let her return. Let your love conquer your pride.

MADAME. I—(*rises.*)

Enter KATHERINE from C. D.

KATHERINE (*hastening to MADAME and supporting her.*) Madame, are you ill?

MADAME (*faintly*). No, Katherine. (*At R.*)

KATHERINE. Is there anything I can do? Let me fetch the doctor!

MADAME. No. I am better now.

KATHERINE (*looking fiercely at ROSIE*). Madame musn't be disturbed like this. The doctor's orders—

MADAME. Katherine, this lady is an old friend. You may leave us.

KATHERINE (*at R. C.*). There is a young woman waiting on the gallery. She looks like a very common person. An agent or something of that sort. I told her that you could not see her. (*Starts to C. D.*) I'll send her away. (*ROSIE at C.*)

MADAME (*excitedly crossing to ROSIE*). A young woman? She is here? Enid? My child is here? (*Clutches ROSIE's arm.*)

KATHERINE. I will dismiss her.

MADAME (*at R. C.*). Stop! (*KATHERINE pauses up L. C.*) Rose Winterberry, is that my child?

ROSIE. Yours no longer. You have cast her off. She belongs to me. (*Cross to L.*)

MADAME. Never. She is mine! My little Enid! I'll go to her and ask her pardon—on my knees. My child!

ENID appears in *C. D.*

ENID. Miss Winterberry?

MADAME (*holding out her arms*). Enid! My little Enid! My child!

ENID (*coming slowly to MADAME*). You are my grandmother. Do you want me?

MADAME (*clasps her in her arms*). Want you? I've hungered for you all these years. You're mine. Nothing on earth can take you from me. My little Enid. (*Sobs in her arms. ROSIE rings handbell on table.*)

MAMMY enters from *R.*

ROSIE. The little white room, Mammy. Open it. Enid has come home!

(ROSIE stands at *L.*, looking at MAMMY. MAMMY stands at *R.* with both hands lifted in amazement. MADAME and ENID at *R. C.* KATHERINE baffled and frowning up *L. C.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Same as Act I. A few days later. Time, 7:30 p. m. Fire in fireplace. Candles all lit.

ENID seated down *L.* engaged in fancy work. Enter JOHNNIE, *C. D.*, wearing hat.

JOHNNIE. I hope I don't intrude. (*Comes down C.*)

ENID (*rising and shaking hands*). No, indeed. I'm mighty glad to see you, Miss Randolph. Won't you take off your hat?

JOHNNIE. Thank you, no. Miss Winterberry told me to wait for her here.

ENID. She's going to drive us over to the wedding.

JOHNNIE. Yes, and I'm so excited! (*Sees fancy work.*) What are you making?

ENID. A handkerchief for grandmother. I'm afraid I'm not succeeding very well. I never had time to learn much about sewing.

JOHNNIE (*seated L. C.*). You must come over to my house. I'll show you the little I know.

ENID. You are mighty good, Miss Randolph. (*Seated at L.*)

JOHNNIE. There you go again with that everlasting "Miss Randolph." Please call me Johnnie Bell. All my friends do and I certainly want you to be one of my friends. (*Shyly.*) That is, if you care to.

ENID. Indeed I do. I've always wanted a girl friend, and you are the very first one I've ever had.

JOHNNIE. I've just oceans and oceans of 'em. And boy friends, too. O, I don't believe that I ever *could* exist without *them*.

ENID. The men in the mills were cruel and heartless. I never knew any of them.

JOHNNIE. And you've never had a sweetheart?

ENID. Never. Have you?

JOHNNIE. Dozens, my dear; dozens. I've got three right now.

ENID. Three?

JOHNNIE. Um-umph (*with closed lips, signifying "yes"*). And I do have such an awful time making up my mind which of the three I like the best. When I'm with Bob I'm perfectly sure that he is my first choice. He's got perfectly adorable eyes. But as soon as I go riding with Clifford in his new six-cylinder, I begin to doubt my affection for Bob. And then there's Mr. Carter. I'm pretty near sure that I like him the best. He's so strong and commanding. And each one is perfectly furious whenever I'm with one of the others. I tell you, a girl sure has a hard time when she has three strings to her bow.

ENID (*laughs softly*). I should think so.

JOHNNIE. Here's Bob's picture. (*Shows locket.*) Hasn't

he an adorable nose? He's the best looking one of the lot, and is not even the least little bit conceited. I think he looks like a moving picture hero.

ENID. He certainly is handsome. He must be the favored one.

JOHNNIE. What makes you think so?

ENID. Because you wear his picture.

JOHNNIE. Oh, that isn't a sign. Look here. (*Shows watch.*) There's Clifford. He isn't as handsome as Bob, but he has elegant taste and two automobiles. He's mamma's favorite.

ENID. Is he the one who took you driving last evening?

JOHNNIE. No, that was the other one. No. 3. That's Mr. Carter from Raleigh. I met him when I was in boarding school. I've had my fortune told three times, and every time they told me I was going to marry a blonde. And Mr. Carter is a blonde. (*Sighs.*) Raleigh certainly is an awful long way from here. He's mighty serious and thinks that I should make up my mind at once. I hate a man who tries to boss me. I've heard that it is mighty warm in Raleigh, and I don't know another soul there.

ENID. Have you his picture, too?

JOHNNIE. No, not here. Mamma says I'm a regular walking gallery as it is. His picture is too large to wear. He isn't as good looking as Bob and he isn't as rich as Clifford, but he sure has got persuasive manners—he sure has.

ENID. I'm mighty sorry that Raleigh is so far away.

JOHNNIE. So am I. But I just hate a man who tries to boss me.

ENID. Maybe that's a sign that he's in earnest.

JOHNNIE. And he's a blonde. Of course I wouldn't believe a fortune teller, but sometimes they make awfully good guesses.

ENID. I hope you're not going away to Raleigh, just as we were beginning to be such friends.

JOHNNIE. Go to Raleigh. I wouldn't dream of such a thing for a minute.

ENID (*slyly*). In spite of his persuasive manners?

JOHNNIE. Well, I haven't made up my mind yet. Bob

and Clifford are both coming over to Mammy's wedding tonight. I want you to meet them. Maybe you can help me solve my problem.

ENID. Oh, I wouldn't know what to say to a man.

JOHNNIE. You don't have to say much. If you want to be popular with them, let them do most of the talking. I know; I've had experience. Bob saw you with me the other night and wanted to meet you.

ENID. This life seems almost like a dream to me. Only a week ago I was working in the mills without a friend in the world. And in seven days' time I have a home, a dear grandmother, Miss Winterberry and you! It seems just like a fairy tale.

JOHNNIE. And you are the heroine. The little forsaken, golden-haired princess who, after years of toil and privation, has at last come into her kingdom.

ENID (*dreamily*). Every one has been so kind to me. I believe that almost every girl in town has called.

JOHNNIE. Of course they have. The granddaughter of Madame Charteris has an enviable place in society.

ENID. And only a week ago I was fainting from hunger at the loom.

JOHNNIE. Don't think of that time now. It has all passed away like an unpleasant dream. From now on all is to be gayety and happiness. Why, you are to make your society *début* tonight. (*Rises and crosses to R.*)

ENID. Tonight?

JOHNNIE. Of course. You are to be one of the honored spectators at the wedding of the effervescent Mammy Judy Johnson, four times a widow but still the queen bee of colored society, and the somewhat aged but still light-completed Uncle Amos Peters, the Apollo Belvidere of the most select Afro-American circles. (*Low bow.*)

ENID (*laughing*). You are so funny, Miss Ran—

JOHNNIE. Just plain Johnnie Bell. (*Sits at R.*)

ENID. I hope that Mammy Judy will be very happy. Mother often told me stories about her old nurse, and Mammy seems to think as much of me as she did my mother.

JOHNNIE. She is going to be mighty happy. She'll rule poor old Uncle Amos with a rod of cast iron.

Enter CAROLINE from R.

CAROLINE. Good evening, Miss Johnnie Bell.

JOHNNIE (*rises and speaks distantly*). How do you do.

CAROLINE (*down R. C., gushingly*). Enid, dear, you look like a dream. A positive dream.

ENID. Thank you, Miss Caroline.

CAROLINE. Has the dusky bride made her appearance yet? I'm just dying to see her. These negroes are so comical.

JOHNNIE. I haven't seen her.

CAROLINE (*sarcastically*). She must be making a very elaborate toilet.

ENID. Miss Winterberry is going to drive us over to the church.

CAROLINE (*shocked*). To the negro church! To mingle with a crowd of darkey servants! Well, I never! I didn't suppose that it was the custom down south for genteel white ladies to attend a negro wedding.

JOHNNIE. It isn't the custom. But this wedding is somewhat different. You see, this is Mammy Judy's wedding.

CAROLINE. She is nothing but a common black servant.

JOHNNIE. It isn't true. Mammy Judy may have a black skin, but she has a heart of pure gold. She'd do anything in the world for a Charteris.

CAROLINE (*superciliously*). I don't doubt that, my dear. But at home in England no one of any consequence would think of attending the wedding of a servant.

ENID. Mammy is more than a servant, Miss Caroline.

CAROLINE. Indeed?

JOHNNIE. Yes, indeed. She is—she is—well, I reckon she's just Mammy, but I, for one, am proud to attend her wedding.

CAROLINE. I can't understand it at all.

JOHNNIE. No, that's just it; you can't understand it.

CAROLINE. Of course I wouldn't try to hinder your going.

JOHNNIE (*hotly*). No, I reckon you wouldn't. (*Cross up L.*)

ENID (*rising and coming to CAROLINE*). How is grandmother this evening, Miss Caroline?

CAROLINE. Just about the same. We can't leave her alone. I've been in her room all afternoon and I'm just about dead. (*At R.*)

ENID. Why don't you go out for a little walk? (*At R. C.*)

CAROLINE. No, thank you. I have to relieve my sister at eight. I think I know my duty, and no one can ever accuse Caroline Hawke of neglecting her duty. (*JOHNNIE seated at L. listening.*)

ENID. If you prefer I'll stay at home and relieve you. I know you've had a mighty tiresome day.

CAROLINE. Not at all. If you want to go out and enjoy yourself at this negro wedding, pray do so. Your grandmother will not lack the proper care and attention as long as my sister and myself are here to minister to her wants. (*Looking meaningfully at JOHNNIE.*) There are people in this town who misinterpreted our motives, but Madame Charteris knows whom she can depend on. She has learned by experience that my sister and myself are absolutely trustworthy.

ENID (*gently*). I'm sure we all realize that, Miss Caroline.

ROSIE (*heard outside C. D.*). Don't worry about me. I'll find them.

JOHNNIE (*joyfully*). Here comes Miss Winterberry now. (*Rises.*)

CAROLINE (*crossing to R.*). I think I had better retire. I can't stand Miss Winterberry.

JOHNNIE (*crosses up C.*). The feeling is mutual, I assure you.

CAROLINE. I am sure that she comes here just to annoy Madame.

Enter ROSIE, C. D.

JOHNNIE (*not seeing her*). Miss Winterberry is one of Madame Charteris' most valued friends.

ROSIE. Thank you, my dear. (*Comes down C.*) Now who dares assert that listeners never hear good of themselves?

CAROLINE (*spitefully*). If you will excuse me, I will return to my work.

ROSIE. The pleasure is all ours. (*At C.*)

CAROLINE (*tossing her head*). At any rate, I'm not on my way to a nigger wedding. (*At R.*)

ROSIE. Probably Mammy Judy didn't ask you. (JOHNNIE *comes down L.*)

CAROLINE (*ignoring her*). Enid, you needn't worry about Madame. She is in safe hands.

ENID. I am sure she is, Miss Caroline. (*At R. C.*) Tomorrow night I will relieve you.

CAROLINE. It won't be necessary. (*Cross to door R.*) I know my duty and I hope I always do it. (*Exit R.*)

ROSIE. My dears, I can read that young woman and her sister like a book.

JOHNNIE. Not very interesting reading, is it, Miss Winterberry?

ROSIE. Instructive if not interesting.

JOHNNIE. I'm afraid you don't admire the Misses Hawke.

ROSIE. You're right. I don't. But my carriage is at the door waiting for you two and the dusky bride. I promised Mammy Judy yesterday that I would drive her to the wedding.

MAMMY (*off stage at L.*). You darkies stand out ob ma way and don't interrupt de procession. Spread out my trail an' gib me room—gib me room.

ENID. Here comes the bride.

JOHNNIE (*sings to tune of Wedding March from Lohen-grin.*) Here comes the bride, here comes the bride. See how she wobbles from side unto side.

Enter MAMMY from L., head held high. She comes down C. and parades to R. and L. near footlights.)

JOHNNIE. Hail to the bride, hail to the bride! Hail to the dusky bride!

MAMMY (*poses at C.*). How does you-all like de defect?

JOHNNIE. It's grand; it's sublime. It's a galaxy of perfection. (*At L.*)

MAMMY. Yas'm. Dat's jest what I think myself.

ENID. Mammy Judy, it's perfectly lovely. (*At R.*)

MAMMY (*proudly*). Jes' listen to dat honey lamb's talk. Ain't she jes' like young Miss fo' all de world. Seems like I could jes' shut ma eyes and imagine dat I was back yere in this very room talkin' to Miss Enid like I used to do twenty years ago. (*Change tone.*) Miss Winterberry, how does you like my Robinson Crusoe?

ROSIE. Your what? (*At R. C.*)

MAMMY. My Crusoe. My white trail and ma orange blossoms and all dese yere high-falutin' fixin's. My wed-ding Crusoe.

ROSIE. It's very becoming, Mammy.

JOHNNIE. You look like the Queen of Sheba.

MAMMY (*grins*). Honest, does I? I'se been sick in de bed all mawnin', but all ebenin' I'se been trailin' 'round with a sheet tied to me, so as to get de hang ob dis yere trail thing. I'd be mortified to the ground if all dis yere trail got tangled up with ma feet when I turns around and starts down de aisle. (*Walks languidly to L.*) Tell me, when I walks does I still maintain all ob ma jurisprudence? (*Walks to C.*) I sure do feel salubrious wid all dis yere fixin's. Amos Peters gwine to feel mighty proud when he sees de matrimonial bouquet dat he's won. Yes, mam, mighty proud!

JOHNNIE. Won't you be frightened, Mammy?

MAMMY. Who—me? Child, dis yere makes my fifth pre-meditated plunge into de sea ob matrimony. I certainly am obliged to you-all fo' honorin' de occasion wid de omnipotence of your presence. I certainly am, and I wants you-all to know dat I fully deprecates de Deuteronomy ob de occasion.

ROSIE. The carriage is here, Mammy. Are you ready?

MAMMY. Yas'm. I'se ready. Goin' in 'a carriage, too. Ebery colored lady in dat church is sure goin' to turn perfectly pea-green wif jealousy. Dis yere Robinson Crusoe

sure did cost a lot ob money. But dat cream-colored Amos is worth it. Yes, mam! I wanted to look gorgeous tonight, kase de bride am always de chief centipede ob attraction. And when I gently murmurs "I will" I want every eye in dat church fixed right on me! Dis yere nuptuality tonight is sure goin' to supercede all de colored society events since 'Mancipation Day.

JOHNNIE. Has Uncle Amos got the license?

MAMMY. Uncle Amos! No, mam! I'se got dat license maself. Right here it is. (*Shows it.*) Amos come down yere dis mawnin' wantin' me to lend him six bits to pay for de license. But I jes' natcher'lly knowed dat if I eber gib dat cream-colored coon six bits, I'd neber lay eyes on dat magnolia tinted face no mo'. I bought de license maself. And I's gwine to take charge ob it, too. I sure ain't gwine to trust it to Amos. He might change his mind and marry somebody else—and den where would I be at? I know dese men—*yas, mam!*

ROSIE. I think we'd better be starting.

MAMMY. Jes' one li'l thing that I'm afraid ob. I'se afraid dat I don't look coy enough. Everybody in dat church goin' to know dat I'se been a widow on seberal previous occasions, but I sure do hope dat I can make a bluff and look coy! (*Pose.*) How's dat?

JOHNNIE. Fine. I couldn't do better myself. Just keep your eyes cast modestly down and when you murmur "I will," glance up at Amos with an innocent, trusting expression. A kind of a startled look.

MAMMY. No'm, I ain't gwine to be too startled. Dat nigger might startle something himself and run out ob de church. He's de timidest man dat I eber did marry.

ROSIE (*putting on her wraps*). Come along. It won't do to keep the groom waiting.

MAMMY. Dat's a fact; dat's a fact. I'm all ready. (*Suddenly.*) Oh, no'm, I ain't. Please mam, can you-all wait until I runs an' puts a little powder on ma face? I's got such a high color tonight. Always *do* hab a high color when I get married.

ROSIE. Nonsense. Make haste, Mammy.

MAMMY. After de ceremony is ober we's all gwine to de groom's house to figure up de value ob de weddin' presents. I'd be mighty pleased if you-all come too.

ROSIE. I'm afraid we can't tonight, Mammy.

ENID. Oh, no. I couldn't leave grandma so long.

MAMMY. Dat's right, honey lamb. You come on back yere and take care ob old Missis. I don't like all dese yere Hawke people flyin' round here wif all dis informality. I sure don't.

JOHNNIE. Now for the church, and in an hour you'll be Mrs. Amos Peters.

MAMMY. Yes'm, dat sure is de truth. Dis yere gettin' married is mighty spontaneous—mighty spontaneous. (*Exeunt all, C. D.*)

Slight pause. Then enter KATHERINE from R. She closes door and then comes slowly down C.

KATHERINE. They've gone at last. I'm glad that Judy has left the house for good. One less to spy upon my actions. I wish she had taken that yellow-haired mill hand with her. The heiress of the Charteris fortune! It will all go to her. We shall be penniless—penniless. Why couldn't she have stayed away a month longer! Madame is growing weaker every day—and she realizes it. That is why she insisted on seeing the lawyer tonight. And I am powerless. Even now at this moment he is drawing up a new will that will make that mill hand the sole heiress. I know it. I could see it in her actions today. (*Take plenty of time for preceding speech, walking about nervously.*)

Enter CAROLINE from R.

CAROLINE. Kate!

KATHERINE. How you startled me! What are they doing now?

CAROLINE. Madame is dictating to Mr. Deems. He is writing some sort of a document. Madame said they wanted to be alone. Whatever does it all mean?

KATHERINE (*fiercely*). What does it mean? It means that they are making a new will. It means that you and I are little better than beggars—when we thought we had

the whole Charteris fortune in our grasp. It means that this entire estate will go to that girl, and that you will have to go back into service in Canada.

CAROLINE. Oh, Madame can't be going to leave us penniless. We certainly will get something.

KATHERINE. I will get my salary and that will be all. It's all over, Carrie. It's all over.

CAROLINE. But she made a will last month leaving us everything.

KATHERINE. That isn't worth the paper it's written on. Oh, the base injustice of it. We've worked like slaves for months, obedient to her every beck and call. And now what will we have to show for it? We've played a game and, right when success was in our very grasp, we've lost.

CAROLINE. Maybe Mr. Deems can help us.

KATHERINE. Deems? A penniless lawyer. What can he do?

CAROLINE. He has asked me to be his wife.

KATHERINE. A pretty pair you'd make. He hasn't a cent in the world. (*A rap is heard on the door at R.*) They want you to sign the paper. Go in. Be obedient. Sign it. Make yourself a pauper.

CAROLINE. What must I do?

KATHERINE. Go. See if you can see the contents of the paper. (*Exit CAROLINE at R.*) No one knows that Deems is here tonight. No one knows of this will but us. If I could only get possession of that paper. I must learn if she has left us entirely penniless. And if she has—(*clenches fists.*)

Enter CAROLINE from R.

CAROLINE. Mr. Deems wants you to sign it, too.

KATHERINE. Could you see what you were signing?

CAROLINE. Not a word. There was a blotter over the top part.

KATHERINE. I must know what's in that paper. I *will* know. (*Exit R.*)

CAROLINE. Oh, I'm afraid! Katherine will do something desperate. There will be more trouble; I'm sure of it. She'll never submit, after all her months of labor. Surely

Madame has left us something. She wouldn't be so ungrateful.

Enter KATHERINE from R.

KATHERINE. It's all over. We may as well begin to pack and get ready to leave this place forever. I hate it.

CAROLINE. Did you read it?

KATHERINE. I saw Madame's face and that was enough. It's all over.

CAROLINE. I'll see Deems and make sure.

KATHERINE. Do you think he will tell you?

CAROLINE. I know he will.

KATHERINE (*slowly*). Do you think he will let you see the will?

CAROLINE. I think so.

KATHERINE. Oh, if you could only get it. Once let me get it in my possession.

CAROLINE. What good would that do?

KATHERINE (*slowly and significantly*). If this new will should be lost or—destroyed—and Madame should die, the old will would then be valid and the Charteris fortune would come to us.

CAROLINE. Oh, Katherine, you wouldn't—

KATHERINE. I don't know what I'd do. You have a wonderful influence with this man Deems. Go out there on the balcony and wait for him. He'll be leaving Madame in a few minutes. Tell him that we are anxious to see the will. Tell him that you will bring it to his office tomorrow; that we only want it for tonight. (*Desperately.*) Tell him anything. Only get it—get it! Bring it to me.

CAROLINE. Oh, Katherine, I'm afraid!

KATHERINE. Afraid of what? There can be no danger. You have boasted of your influence over this man. Use it now. It may be that after all the Charteris fortune will go where it rightly belongs—to us. What has that girl ever done for Madame Charteris? Has she worked and slaved and waited on her hand and foot, night and day, as we have? I tell you this money is ours by every right in the world.

CAROLINE. I think Mr. Deems will let me see it.

KATHERINE. You must get it for tonight. Tell him you will return it tomorrow. I must learn if she has cut us off entirely. (*Door slams.*) There—he is going. We are alone in the house. This is our only chance.

CAROLINE. But if anything would happen to it while we had it.

KATHERINE. What *could* happen to it?

CAROLINE. I don't know what to do. Please, Kate, don't run any risk.

KATHERINE. Go to him at once. Leave all the rest to me.

CAROLINE. But—

KATHERINE (*commandingly*). At once!

CAROLINE. I'll see if I can get it. (*Cross to door C.*)

KATHERINE. Promise him anything, but don't return without it.

CAROLINE. If anything should happen. (*Hesitates, then exits C. quickly.*)

KATHERINE. If this new will should disappear and Madame should die—everything would come to us. Everything. Caroline could marry Deems. (*Pause.*) He'd jump at the chance if she had half of the Charteris fortune.

MADAME (*in R.*). Caroline!

KATHERINE (*crosses to R.*). Madame?

MADAME (*groans*). Oh, oh! Caroline!

KATHERINE. She'll be here presently. She's bringing some ice. (*Comes C.*) She is growing weaker every moment. What can be keeping Caroline? (*Crosses to window.*) If she should fail—oh, I mustn't think of that! (*Looks.*) They're on the gallery. She is pleading with him. He hesitates. (*Pause, then suddenly.*) She has it! She has succeeded!

Enter CAROLINE, C., with will.

CAROLINE (*giving it to KATHERINE*). There. I had to promise to bring it to him the first thing in the morning. He's holding me responsible for it's safety.

KATHERINE (*reading will rapidly*). "Stocks, bonds and all my personal property and real estate and everything I possess to my dear granddaughter, Enid Bellamy." (*Pause,*

then in pectoral voice.) It's all over. We are not mentioned. Oh, the injustice, the rank injustice of it all!

MADAME (*faintly*). Caroline!

KATHERINE. Go to her. She's been calling you. (*Exit CAROLINE, R.*) Why shouldn't I destroy it? Madame will never know. Caroline can manage Deems. (*Reads will again.*) Everything goes to her. I'll do it. Better anything than the grinding poverty of the past few years. (*Crosses to candle.*) I'll do it.

Enter CAROLINE.

CAROLINE. Katherine, quick! She's choking! I believe she's dying!

KATHERINE (*dropping will on table*). Dying?

CAROLINE. Quick! Go to her. I'll telephone the doctor. She's choking. (*Exit KATHERINE and CAROLINE at R.*) *Enter MAMMY, C. D., wreath and veil awry, license in her hand. She has been crying.*

MAMMY. Thank goodness dat I's home at last. Now I can hide de mortification and misery in de hollow ob my hand. Oh, de supercilious deceitfulness ob dat low-down, cream-colored chicken grabber! And me a highly respectable widow four times removed. Spent six bits for dis yere weddin' license and ober 'leven dollars for dis yere bridal Crusoe! And dat no-count Amos Peters neber did show up at de weddin'. Took de six o'clock train for Memphis and made me de laughing stock ob de whole conflagration. I'll bet dat if eber I lays hands on dat man his cream-colored countenance am sure goin' to need some court plaster. For de first time in all de history ob my nuptialties I'se been deserted at de altar. Ober 'leven dollars spent, and not even one cream-colored kiss! I reckon I can make dis yere dress ober to wear at dancin' school. (*Looks at license.*) But what can I do with you? (*Drops it on table.*) I'll bet dat I'll never squander another six bits on a marriage license. (*Crosses to door R. and listens*) Wonder how old Missis is. Things mighty quiet in dere. (*Comes C.*) I sure hope dat none ob dem Hawke women come a pokin' 'round me tonight. (*Picks up the will.*) Come here, old marriage

license. Maybe I's gwine to need you again sometime. Old Amos Peters ain't the onliest man left on dis earth. Dat Sassafrass Rigger am mighty likely lookin', mighty likely lookin'! (Puts will in pocket.)

Enter KATHERINE much agitated, crosses to table without seeing MAMMY.

MAMMY. I'se come home. (At L.)

KATHERINE (starts nervously). What are you doing back here? (Whispers.) I thought we had seen the last of you. (At L. C.)

MAMMY. No, mam. I'se changed ma mind. I don't want to get married.

KATHERINE. Not so loud. Go upstairs and take off that trumpery. Madame—

MAMMY (much alarmed). Madame? What's de matter? Is old Missis worse?

KATHERINE. She had a horrible attack ten minutes ago.

MAMMY (breathlessly). And now?

KATHERINE. The doctor said she passed away quietly three minutes ago.

MAMMY. Not dead? (Pause.) Not dead! (Wails.) Oh, oh, my old Mistress! It ain't de truth; it ain't de truth. Lemme go to her. (Cross up C.)

KATHERINE (standing in her way). Go upstairs and dress.

MAMMY (brushes past her). Out ob my way, white woman! Lemme go to ma old mistress. Oh, it's a jedgment kas I left her. And now I'se all alone in de world. (Wails.) Oh, mistress! mistress! (Exit R.)

KATHERINE (grasping MAMMY'S license). It's here. There is not a moment to be lost. (Tears it once full length without looking at it. Whispers.) No one will ever know; no one will ever know! (Crumples it in her hand.) Caroline can keep Deems silent. She must; even if she has to marry him. Its the only way. (Crosses to fire.) The end came just in time. (About to drop paper in fire when—)

Enter ROSIE and ENID. KATHERINE starts and crumples paper in hand. MAMMY heard moaning off L.

ENID. Some one is crying in there. Madame—?

KATHERINE (*comes to ROSIE*). You'd better take her upstairs.

ROSIE. Madame is worse. (*KATHERINE nods.*) Not—the end?

KATHERINE (*low tone*). Yes.

ENID. Let me go to her at once. (*Crosses to R.*)

ROSIE. Compose yourself, dear (*Exeunt ROSIE and ENID R.*).

KATHERINE (*closes door. Looks around stealthily.*) It's the only way. (*Crosses to fire and drops MAMMY'S license on fire. It burns.*) The only way. (*Crouches at fireplace. Gives sigh of relief as paper burns. Pectoral voice.*) Now—the Charteris fortune belongs to me—to me. (*Firelight.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Same as Acts I and II. Two years later. Eight p. m.
Lights on. Fire in fireplace.

MAMMY *discovered seated down L., sewing.*

MAMMY. Things have come to a mighty obstrepalous position in dis house, dey sure have. I'se jest about come to de conclusion dat it's about time for me to get married again. It's ober two years now since dat old fence-lizard Amos Peters run away to Memphis and left me broken-hearted, like a busted Easter lily pining on her stem. Sassafras Rigger been tryin' to make eyes at me eber since. Old Amos Peters made me jes' so naturally disgusted with men dat I'se nebber had de ingenuity to encourage Sassafras. But I's gettin' mighty lonesome—mighty lonesome. Sass say dat he'll marry me tomorrow, if I'll say de word. Maybe I will. I'se gettin' mighty tired ob bein' bossed over by dese yere Hawkes. It certainly am time for me to vacate de premises. Yes, mam! Dis colored lady is goin' to get her another situation.

Enter KATHERINE from R. She is in full ball costume..

KATHERINE (*not seeing MAMMY and looking back at her*

train). The effect is perfectly wonderful. (Comes down C.) I think this costume will make the natives sit up and take notice.

MAMMY (*grunts*). Humph!

KATHERINE (*seeing her*). What are you doing here?

MAMMY. Jes resting; dat's all; jes resting.

KATHERINE. How often have I told you not to waste your time in here? What's that you're sewing on?

MAMMY. Nuffin', Miss Hawke. Nuffin'. Jes' a little piece ob white silk.

KATHERINE. Another wedding dress, I suppose?

MAMMY. No'm, it ain't no wedding dress. It's jes' a little waist I'm makin' for little Miss.

KATHERINE. For Enid?

MAMMY. Yas'm, for Miss Enid. *She's* little Miss.

KATHERINE. I want you to distinctly understand that I and my sister are the only mistresses of *this* house.

MAMMY. Yas'm, I understand dat all right. But Miss Enid, she's *my* little Miss.

KATHERINE. I don't think it is necessary for you to make her a white silk waist.

MAMMY. Dis is jes' a little present; dat's all.

KATHERINE. My sister and myself furnish Enid with a competent wardrobe.

MAMMY. Yas'm. A competent wardrobe ob aprons and calico. She ain't had a new cloth dress in two years, let alone a silk.

KATHERINE. A girl in her position doesn't need many clothes.

MAMMY. Maybe she's goin' to change her position.

KATHERINE (*sharply*). What do you mean?

MAMMY. Nothin'. I jes' mean maybe she won't always hab to work for her living.

KATHERINE. Probably you would like to see her dressed like this. (*Pose.*)

MAMMY. Yas'm, I sure would. Little Miss certainly would set off dat dress.

KATHERINE. This gown came from Paris. I don't imagine that there will be many others like it at the ball tonight.

MAMMY. Is you-all goin' to de ball?

KATHERINE. Certainly we are. It's the one social event of any importance in this dull town. Don't you think that this is a wonderful creation? (*Turns around to exhibit dress.*)

MAMMY (*unimpressed*). Looks to me like it would be more ob a creation if you'd take some ob dat tail-fixin' and put it ober your shoulders.

KATHERINE. You are not used to Paris confections.

MAMMY. No'm. If dat's dem—I ain't.

KATHERINE. Have you seen anything of my sister's husband?

MAMMY. Yas'm. He's down on de walk waitin' in de automobilious car.

KATHERINE. It certainly takes Caroline a long time to get ready. I don't want to miss a thing. (*Crosses to door at R.*) I'll wait for her in my room. Tell Miss Caroline that Miss Katherine is waiting. *Exits R.*)

MAMMY. Umm! What a long tail our cat *has* got! Ever since old Miss died two years ago dis place jes' naturally gone to rack and ruin. Too much ob dese yere Miss Hawkes. With their Miss Kather-ine yere and Miss Caroline dere, dey make me jes' plumb crazy in de haid! And for all their money, and tails on their dresses and automobilions dey can't nary one ob 'em hold up her head like old Miss! No, mam, dey sure can't. And sassiety has drapped 'em—and drapped 'em *hard!* Dey certainly's feelin' mighty uppity kase dey's invited to dis ball tonight. Humph! Eberbody in town goes to de Inauguration Ball. I reckon dat Miss Caro-line's husband, Mr. Deems, must have voted de right ticket. He's worried mos' to death kase he has to go tonight, but de lady Hawkes is tickled clean to Jerusalem.

Enter KATHERINE from R. with opera cloak, which she places on table.

KATHERINE. Judy, go upstairs to my sister's room and tell Enid that I want her immediately.

MAMMY (*rising*). Yas'm. (*Crosses to L., then turns and*

comes back to KATHERINE.) Miss Hawke, I reckon dat I better tell you now. I'se goin' to find another situation.

KATHERINE. Going to leave? Isn't this rather sudden?

MAMMY. No'm, not so very sudden. I wants to gib you a two weeks notice and leave tomorrow morning.

KATHERINE. Very well. You may leave any time you see fit. Your work has been rather neglected of late anyhow.

MAMMY. I'se worked in de Charteris house ober forty years.

KATHERINE. Enid can easily do the few chores you have been doing.

MAMMY. Miss Enid! You-all is workin' dat child to death now.

KATHERINE. I don't care to hear your opinion. I don't pay you to give me advice.

MAMMY. No'm. I was givin' it to you for nothing.

KATHERINE. That will do. Tell Enid to come here at once.

MAMMY. Yas'm. (*Crosses to door at L., turns, makes a funny "face" at KATHERINE, whose back is toward her, and exits L., muttering.*) Poor white trash! (*Exits L.*)

KATHERINE (*looking at her dress*). I think that I'll show these villagers tonight what real dressing is. This is the first big ball I've been invited to and I want to make a good impression. I think that Caroline's marriage to Mr. Deems has retarded our social advancement, but it was necessary. Poor Deems! I imagine he often regrets ever having seen a Hawke.

Enter MAMMY from L.

MAMMY. Your sister say dat she ain't gwine to let Miss Enid come down here until she's through wif her. She says she can come den, and not a minute before.

KATHERINE. Indeed! She seems to forget that I am mistress of this house.

MAMMY. Yas'm. She sure does.

KATHERINE. You may go. I'll speak to my sister myself. Since she has married that miserable shyster she has be-

come perfectly unbearable. I'll be thankful when they move away and leave me in peace. (*Exit R.*)

MAMMY. Yas'm. Mighty obnoxious—mighty obnoxious! Poor little Miss Enid. Dey treats her like common white trash 'stead ob like de way old Madame Charteris' grandchild ought to be treated. Make a regular black slave out ob her, dat's what dey do. Mighty peculiar how come old Miss to leave all her belongings to dem Hawkes. Mighty peculiar. Not a single cent to her own flesh and blood. And de way dey treat Miss Enid is enough to make old Miss turn in her grabe. Don't like 'em and I neber *did* like 'em. Mighty obnoxious—mighty obnoxious!

CAROLINE *sweeps in from L in a towering rage. She is dressed in full ball costume and carries opera cloak.*

CAROLINE. Oh, I never was so insulted in all my life. I'll pack up tomorrow and leave this house bag and baggage. If Deems were any man at all he wouldn't allow her to talk to me the way she does! I have as much right to this house as she has! (*To MAMMY.*) Leave the room! Don't stand there grinning at me like a big monkey. Do you hear me? Leave the room. (*Puts cloak on chair.*)

MAMMY (*crosses up L., stands with hands uplifted.*) Great Day in de Morning! Mighty indelicate—mighty indelicate! (*Exit L.*)

CAROLINE. She seems to think that I am a mere figure-head in this house. I have as much right to Enid's services as she has! (*Down R.*)

Enter KATHERINE from L. Comes down L. C.

KATHERINE (*coolly*). Well, have you completely recovered from your fit of temper?

CAROLINE. If you intend going to this ball tonight, you will have to hire a taxicab. There won't be room with me and Deems.

KATHERINE. Indeed? You seem to forget that it was my money that paid for that car.

CAROLINE. Your money? Didn't Madame leave as much to me as she did to you?

KATHERINE. We will not discuss that. You know that everything you have you owe to me.

CAROLINE. I suppose Deems and I didn't do anything? Oh, no! Of course not!

KATHERINE. Be silent. The very walls have ears. Calm yourself. You are nervous and excited. For goodness sake, don't make such a scene!

CAROLINE. You are becoming entirely to dictatorial of late.

KATHERINE. Tomorrow we will go to your husband's office and make a final settlement of the entire estate. Then you can go your way and I'll go mine. But don't overlook one thing. I ran all the risk to gain this fortune, and the larger share belongs to me.

CAROLINE. I think Deems and I will have something to say about that.

KATHERINE. Hush! Someone is coming.

Enter ENID from L. in well-worn, shabby black dress and gingham apron.

ENID (*timidly*). Mammy said you wanted me, Miss Caroline.

CAROLINE. Yes. We are going now. You needn't sit up for us.

KATHERINE. See that a lunch is prepared for four, however.

ENID. I thought that if you had no objection that I would slip over and watch the dancers from the gallery.

KATHERINE. You go to the Inaugural Ball! Preposterous!

CAROLINE. In that dress and gingham apron! You would disgrace the household.

ENID. Miss Johnnie Bell has asked me to go with her. She said she would stop by for me about nine.

KATHERINE. It's entirely out of the question.

ENID. I should like to go so much. No one would see me. I've never seen an Inaugural Ball and have often heard my mother tell of them. Please, please, let me go, Miss Katherine.

CAROLINE. *I* am mistress of this house. You had better go to bed. I was surprised that the committee sent you an invitation.

ENID (*more animated*). Why shouldn't they send me an invitation? My ancestor was the first governor of this State. It's true I haven't any money and am forced to work for my support, but I am the granddaughter of Cornwallis Charteris! Why shouldn't they send me an invitation?

CAROLINE. My, my! How high and mighty you talk! Why, you should be thankful to my sister and myself for allowing you to stay at this house.

ENID. Thankful! I do as much work in this house as I ever did in the mills. And what do I get in return? A place to sleep and clothes like this! Oh, it's gone too far—it has all gone too far.

KATHERINE (*coolly*). If you don't like the present arrangement, the best thing for you to do is to leave.

Enter MAMMY from L.

ENID. Very well. I will go.

MAMMY (*coming down to ENID at C.*). Yas—and I'll go with her.

KATHERINE. You can make your decision at once. Give up your position here and go out among strangers.

MAMMY. She don't have to go to no strangers. She's my little miss and I'll work hard enough to support her.

ENID. Miss Winterberry came in town today. She once said to me that if I ever needed a friend to come to her.

CAROLINE. And this is your gratitude for all we have done for you?

MAMMY. Precious little dat you-all ever done. Dis yere child's own grandmaw left you every cent dat you possess in the world, and now you is tryin' to turn her out ob doors. Mighty Scandinavian—mighty Scandinavian!

KATHERINE. Come, Caroline. Enid, we will settle this matter tomorrow.

CAROLINE. Mammy, my wrap.

MAMMY (*aside*). I'd like to wrap you! (*Helps CAROLINE on with opera cloak.*)

KATHERINE. Enid. (*Motions for ENID to assist her.*) Are your hands quite clean?

ENID. I think they are. (*Assists her.*)

MAMMY. Dis is de last night we'll ever spend in dis house.

CAROLINE. Katherine tells me that you are going to be married again?

MAMMY. Yas'm. Going to marry Sassafras Rigger. He's been after me a long time.

KATHERINE. Well, take care that *this* one doesn't desert you at the altar.

MAMMY. I am goin' to take care. Goin' to take care dat I don't be a old maid, too. Like some people I know.

KATHERINE. You dare!

CAROLINE (*at door C.*). Come, Katherine. Would you stoop to bandy words with a negro servant? (*Exit C. D.*)

KATHERINE (*to ENID*). Don't leave the house. (*Exit C.*)

MAMMY (*crosses up C.*). I might be a negro servant, kase de good Lawd made me one; but I certainly am thankful that I ain't a human hawk. I certainly am. (*Speaking out of door to CAROLINE.*)

ENID. I knew they wouldn't allow me to go to the ball. (*Sits L. and cries.*)

MAMMY (*coming to her*). Dere now, honey lamb, don't you take on dataway. Don't you take on dataway! You jes' go upstairs and see de pretty little white dress old Mammy made you. You dry your eyes and put it on. Den Miss Johnnie Bell goin' to come and take you to de ball 'long with her.

ENID (*crying*). They won't allow it. (*Rises.*) Oh, Mammy, I am so unhappy.

MAMMY. Dat ain't no way for a Charteris to talk. Re-meber dat if you isn't got no long-tail dress, nor Paris confections, dat you's got family. Yas'm, and dat's more'n money down South, lemme tell you—yas, mam! Now you go long upstairs and put on dat little dress.

ENID. You're right, Mammy. It isn't worth crying about. Tomorrow we'll leave this place. Miss Winterberry

will get me a position. And then all our troubles will be over. (*Cross to L.*)

MAMMY. You get ready and go 'long over to de ball with Miss Johnnie Bell.

ENID. I believe I will. (*Exit L.*)

MAMMY. Miss Winterberry sure is a powerful nice lady. She'll get little Miss a position and den I'll marry Sass Rigger tomorrow afternoon. I'se still got my bridal Crusoe packed away in a box under my bed. Old Amos Peters ain't do only man on earth, even he is got a cream-colored complexion. Sass Rigger is right likely looking. And he's got a stiddy job dat brings six dollars and six bits every week. Won't have to pay out no six bits to git him no marriage license. He can afford to git one his own self. (*Suddenly.*) Maybe I won't hab to git a new one. Dat one I got two years ago neber has been used. Humph! Dat's a good way to save six bits.

ENID (*outside L., tearfully*). Mammy, Mammy! My little dress!

MAMMY (*crosses to door L.*). What's matter, honey lamb? What's matter?

ENID (*outside L.*). They've taken my little white dress away. They've locked it up. Oh, Mammy, now I can't go to the ball!

MAMMY. Taken your little dress away! Who took it?

ENID (*outside L.*). Miss Katherine.

MAMMY. Dat old human hippopotamus! I never *did* like her, and I don't like her now. Stealing my little Miss' dress dat I made her. Mighty unbiased—mighty unbiased! Neber you mind, little Miss—neber you mind. (*Exit L.*)

Rap at C. D. Pause. Then enter ROSIE, followed by JOHNNIE BELL. ROSIE carries large pasteboard box.

ROSIE (*coming down L. C.*). There doesn't seem to be anyone here.

JOHNNIE (*coming down R. C.*). Maybe they've all gone to the ball.

ROSIE. Oh, I hope not. I want Enid to wear the dress I've brought her.

JOHNNIE. You certainly are her fairy godmother. She is treated like a servant in this house and never has a new dress from one year's end to another. It's just perfectly dreadful.

ROSIE. It seems to me that these women show a decided lack of respect to Madame Charteris when they treat Enid this way.

JOHNNIE. They never allow her to go out, and even tried to forbid my coming to see her.

ROSIE. She must come away with me. For the sake of her mother, who was my dearest friend, I will give her a home.

JOHNNIE (*rings bell*). I wonder where Mammy is?

ROSIE. My constant travel becomes very monotonous alone. Enid Bellamy is the very companion I need. It will be a pleasure for me.

Enter MAMMY from L. with will.

MAMMY. My lands ob gracious! If it ain't Miss Winterberry and Miss Johnnie Bell. I certainly am conglamerated to see you all.

JOHNNIE. Has Enid gone to the ball?

MAMMY. No'm. She's upstairs crying like her little heart about to bust. I made her a little white silk dress to wear when she went with you-all, but dat old hippopotamus done hid it away and locked it up.

ROSIE. Then my little present will come in quite handy.

MAMMY. Is you got a little present for Miss Enid?

ROSIE. Yes. A dress for her to wear tonight. She *shall* go to the ball in spite of Miss Katherine Hawke! I'll introduce her into society myself. Tomorrow she'll leave this place as my adopted daughter.

MAMMY. De Lawd be praised. Go up stairs now, Miss Winterberry. Tell her de news; tell her de news.

ROSIE. I'll do it. I'll dress her myself. She'll be the belle of the ball. (*Crosses to L. and exits.*)

MAMMY. Mighty salubrious—mighty salubrious! Dat Miss Winterberry sure is a angel right down from de golden skies; she sure is.

JOHNNIE. Won't you be mighty lonesome without Enid, Mammy?

MAMMY. Yas'm, I sure will. Mighty lonesome. I'se goin' to leave dis place myself. Dese two Hawkes has got so obstrepalous dat a born angel couldn't lib in de same house with 'em. I'm goin' to get married.

JOHNNIE. Again?

MAMMY. Yas'm. Some folks would think dat after my injudicious experience wif old Amos Peters dat I'd be a single lady for life. But I ain't goin' to do it. No, mam. I'm goin' to show old Amos Peters dat there's more lobsters in de sea dan ever was kotched. Yes'm; I sure am.

JOHNNIE. I certainly wish you good luck.

MAMMY. Miss Winterberry just came back to town in time to witness my approaching nuptialities. And there ain't goin' to be no hitch about dis yere weddin', cause Sassafras Riger is clean crazy in de haid about me. He sure is. Can't you come to de weddin'?

JOHNNIE. I don't know. What time is it to be?

MAMMY. I don't know. I'se jes' decided to get married. I ain't told de bridegroom a word about it yet. What time could you-all come?

JOHNNIE. Why not have your wedding at high noon.

MAMMY. Dat's a mighty good idea. I'll see Sass in de mornin' and inform him ob de happiness dat's goin' to be his'n at high noon.

JOHNNIE. Are you sure he is willing?

MAMMY. Willing? Why, Miss Johnnie Bell, dat man Sassafras Rigger has done proposed so much to me dat I'm jes' 'bliged to accept him in self-defense.

JOHNNIE. Then I'll be mighty glad to come to the weddin'. I was there before, you know.

MAMMY. Yas'm. I certainly do remember dat night. Seem like all my misery came on dot one suspicious occasion. Dat was de night old Miss died. Things has changed mighty 'round yere, lemme tell you. Dese yere Hawkes has got all de Charteris money and all de Charteris property, but dey ain't nary a one ob 'em got de Charteris blood. No, mam! Treat little Miss like she was poor white trash!

Make her cook and sweep and wait on 'em like she was a black slave. And she old Miss' own grandchild! Looks like dey ought to hab more respect for old Miss when she lef' dem all de money. Mighty perpendicular—mighty perpendicular!

JOHNNIE. Madame's will was certainly a surprise. Most everyone thought that everything would be left to Enid.

MAMMY. Old Miss made her will long before she seen Miss Enid. And now her own grandchild ain't got a cent.

JOHNNIE. It certainly is a shame to see the Charteris property in the hands of such persons.

MAMMY. Yas'm. I'm mighty glad Miss Enid is goin' away. I know she'll come to my wedding.

JOHNNIE. Will you have to buy the marriage license again, Mammy?

MAMMY. No'm. I'se got dat same old license. Here it is. Reckon dat it will be good after two years?

JOHNNIE. I'm afraid not. It's made out in the name of Uncle Amos, isn't it?

MAMMY. I dunno. I can't read what it says. All de kind ob writin' dat I can read is printed writing. I neber could read dis yere written writin'.

JOHNNIE. Let me see. (*Takes will*). "Last will and testament of Clara Charteris." What's this? (*Opens will and reads.*) "Being of sound mind"—(*pause as she reads to herself.*) Why, Mammy, where did you get this paper?

MAMMY. Got it at de county clerk's office. Dat's my wedding license.

JOHNNIE (*excitedly*). This is the will. Madame made it the night before she died. And you've had it all these years! Run, run! Go and tell Enid and Miss Winterberry to come here at once. The will is found.

MAMMY. Good Day in de Mawnin'! (*Runs to L.*) Miss Enid! Miss Enid! Come yere quick! We'se found de will; we's found de will! (*Exits L.*)

JOHNNIE (*examining will*). Drawn up by Deems and signed by Katherine Hawke and Caroline Hawke. They have known of this will all the time. And yet they have dared to treat Enid like a common servant when they

knew that she was the rightful heiress of the entire Charteris fortune.

Enter ROSIE from L., followed by MAMMY.

ROSIE. What's this? Mammy says you have found the will.

JOHNNIE (*handing it to her*). See; everything is left to Enid.

ROSIE. And it was made the night Madame died.

JOHNNIE. Drawn up by Mr. Deems.

ROSIE. And signed by those two women. This will mean the penitentiary.

MAMMY (*down L.*). De penitentiary! My lawsy massy! A scandal right in de Charteris house. Mighty commodious—mighty commodious!

ROSIE. Where did you get this paper, Mammy?

MAMMY. De night dat old Miss died I come a runnin' in yere wif ma marriage license. I drapped it on de table. Miss Kather-ine Hawke was standing right ober dere. I run out fo' a minute and when I come back to get ma license, dat was what I found.

JOHNNIE (*excitedly*). Don't you see? Miss Hawke tried to destroy the will but in her haste she got hold of Mammy's license and evidently destroyed that.

MAMMY. And does all dis yere property come to Miss Enid now?

ROSIE. Everything. She is Madame's sole heiress.

MAMMY. And don't dem old Hawkes get nothin'?

ROSIE. They'll probably get a sentence to jail.

JOHNNIE. Where is Enid? Has she heard the good news?

ROSIE (*looks L.*). She's here.

Enter ENID from L. in full ball costume. She comes down L. C.

MAMMY. My lawsy massy! Jes' look at ma little Miss. Mighty splendacious—mighty splendacious!

ENID. The new will. It is found?

ROSIE (*gives it to her*). It is yours, my dear. You've come into your own at last.

ENID (*reads*). Dear, dear grandmother.

ROSIE. Now we will go to the ball. Are you ready, Johnnie Bell?

JOHNNIE. Quite ready. Hasn't this been exciting? I want to see Miss Hawke's face when she learns the truth.

ENID. I don't feel as though I care to go to the ball.

ROSIE. Oh, you must. This is the beginning of your new life.

MAMMY. I'm goin' out in de kitchen and cook me something to eat. All dis yere excitement makes me mighty appetizing—mighty appetizing! (*Cross to R. Auto horn heard off R.*)

JOHNNIE (*at C. D.*). The car is here. Are you ready?

ROSIE (*crosses to JOHNNIE*). Come, Enid.

ENID (*going up to C.*). It all seems like a dream.

JOHNNIE. Thank my stars it has come out all right.

ROSIE (*her arm around ENID*). Thank Him who made the stars, rather. The night has passed and joy cometh in the morning. (*Soft music.*)

CURTAIN.

OCT 23 1918

A Rustic Romeo

By WALTER BEN HARE.

Price, 25 Cents

A musical comedy in 2 acts, 10 males, 12 females. Only 5 m. and 4 f. have lines. The rest are in the chorus. It can be played by 5 m., 4 f., eliminating the chorus. It will prove equally successful when produced without music. Time, 2½ hours. Scenes: 1 exterior, 1 interior. **Characters:** John Jabe Doolittle, the would-be heart smasher of Chowderville. Hink Spinn, who peddles tinware, woodenware and hardware everywhere. Sid Roberts, who longs for the "Great White Way." Azariah Figg, storekeeper. Grandpaw Blue, the oldest inhabitant. Evalina Tupper, the village belle. Miss Dee, a lovelorn critter. Mrs. Spriggs, looking for the third, Honeysuckle Spriggs, her little sunbeam. The Chowderville fire brigade and its charming society leaders, constitute the chorus. Contains ten exceptionally clever songs, humorous and sentimental. "I Want a Big-Town Girl" is set to original music. The remainder are sung to familiar college airs. "Pretty Girls," "I'm Falling in Love Again," "Moonlight Serenade," "John Jabe's Wedding," "Over the Banister," "The Chowder Fire Brigade," "Gay Manhattan," "Love's Waltz" and "On the Fourth of July." A most interesting plot wound about the events of a small town, which keeps one's interest keen until Figg finally locates his \$70.00 and John Jabe gets a wife. This play is a decided novelty. Directions are given with the songs, explaining in detail how the chorus may be drilled to march, form figures, pictures, etc., which are very effective, yet in the range of amateurs. A clever stage director should make this show equal most metropolitan successes. Especially recommended for college productions. Professional stage rights reserved and a royalty of five dollars required for amateur performance.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Chowderville on a busy day. Honeysuckle and St. Cecelia astonish the rubes. The boy whose father was bad. "Do I look like a tall-grass sister?" Miss Dee, a lone, lorn critter, tells of the awfulness of the world. The village belle and the Rustic Romeo. "Girls, girls, girls!" A matrimonial advertisement from a clinging little blonde named Golden-haired Flossie. Hink Spinnery tries to propose to Evalina. "If I only had \$70!" Mrs. Spriggs astonishes the natives. "I'll make you think a Kansas tornado has struck your town." A moonlight serenade. The robbery. "Who stole my \$70?"

Act II.—John Jabe's hotel on the Fourth of July. A country wedding. Honeysuckle and the four rubes. "Skidoo is New York talk for scat." The Fairfield Road folks come to the wedding. Miss Dee's wedding present, a bottle of Miggins' Stomach Balm, good "fer every ailment in the human cistern." An unwilling bridegroom. Figg catches the thief—almost. The Chowder fire brigade. A suspicious bride with a temper. Deserted on her wedding morn. "We'll be as happy as two little twin cubebs." A double wedding and divided wedding presents. Figg recovers his \$70. Patriotic finale: On the Fourth of July.

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For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2 1
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Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6 10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3 5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4 3
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1 1
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3 2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3 3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4 2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5 1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7 9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4 3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3 2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4 3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3 3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4 3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4 6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5
Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3 3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3 3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3 2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1 1
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Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6 2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6 3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6 4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4 3
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2 2
Slasher and Crash, 50 min.	5 2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5 3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.	3 2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4 4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3 6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4 1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3 2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.	4
Two Bonnycastles, 45 min.	3 3
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min.	8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.	2 3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min.	3 2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.	1 1
Which Will He Marry? 20 min.	2 8
Who Is Who? 40 min.	3 2
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5 2
Wrong Baby, 25 min.	8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.	7 3

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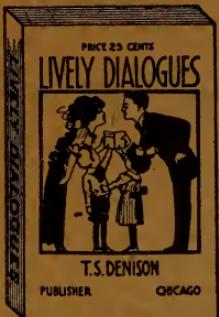
	M. F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2 3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1 1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2 1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1 1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1 1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2 1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2
For Reform, 20 min.	4
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2 1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1 1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2
Her Hero, 20 min.	1 1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1
Home Run, 15 min.	1 1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2 1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4 3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3 2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4 2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1 1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1 1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4 2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2 2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4 2
Si and I, 15 min.	1
Special Sale, 15 min.	2
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min.	2 1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1
Time Table, 20 min.	1 1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3
Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5 2
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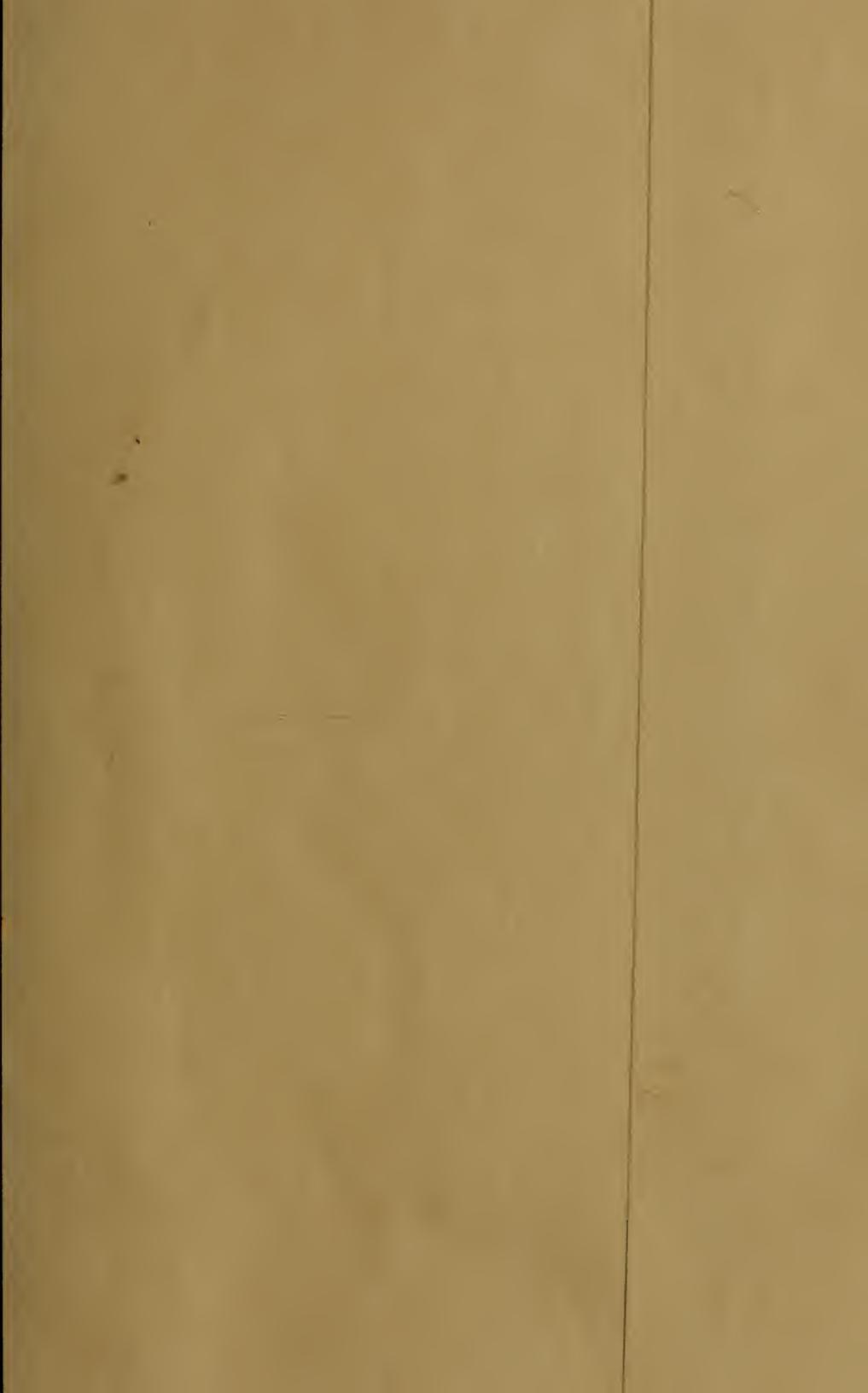
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